

Master Harry Potter

"James, today's the day!" Lily Potter-nee-Evans shouted to her husband as they got ready for their daughter's birthday. Everything had to be perfect.

Upon hearing that, the very birthday girl walked in and smiled, showing a row of newly acquired mature teeth. She had flowing red hair, her mother's auburn hair, falling down in curly cascades down her back. She had her father's warm hazel eyes, and soft freckles coating her nose (Lily had assured her that they would go away, they ran in the Evans line) and soft, brown skin. The skin of a girl who would much rather be flying, or running in the woods than reading in her room.

"Oh, Rosy, you weren't supposed to be up for another few hours!" Lily exclaimed upon seeing her youngest child before they were ready for her party.

"Today's my birthday, I'm supposed to be up at the first possible moment!" Rosy explained as she jumped on her toes for her presents.

At this, Lily smiled at her over-energetic daughter. Filled with such childlike care, only seeing her presents and the quick joys.

(Not reality)

And with such child's energy.

(It won't last forever)

Quickly, Lily shook her head and shivered, her war days still echoed in her subconscious.

"Hey, my little girl!" James proclaimed as he picked her up and twirled her around. She giggled and shouted, "Daddy! Today I get a lot of presents!" She cried gleefully.

"YES! It's today isn't it? I forgot!" James said, pulling on a poor serious face.

"DADDY!" Rosy exclaimed, scandalized.

"Oh, well, I suppose that's the reason your mother is putting up all of these decorations! I'll make it up to you by taking you flying on your new broomstick!" James cried in a playfully 'needing to please' tone. Rosy smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

James flicked a quick smile at Lily and took his hyper daughter (Who let her have chocolate this early in the morning?) out to go play Quidditch before her party.

Lily smiled as she turned back to the stairs, startled to see her son on top of the stairs, smiling as he jumped the steps down.

"Dylan! How many times have I told you to never jump down those stairs like that!?" Lily cried in both laughter and a mother's fretting.

"Ah, mom, I had to come down early so I can wish my little sister a happy birthday!" Dylan cried with a bright smile,

(So naïve)

"Is she having a new broom, like I did on my birthday?" Dylan asked selflessly.

"No, sorry, honey, I know you wanted to have some more competition on your quidditch games, but that broom was very expensive, and it was for a limited time. Your sister got a Purple Dragonfly, that's a very good broom for a girl like her, though, I hope that's okay." Lily said,

smiling softly to her son, he needed something to challenge him so much.

"Oh, I was hoping that my sister would finally provide some challenge in quidditch, you know, since I'm better than her, but maybe if Dad taught her more pointers on these things . . ." he trailed off, knowing what his mother would say now.

"Sweetie, you know that you don't have much time to play, anyway. Your training doesn't allow that much time for play. I'm sorry, but you have already sacrificed so much to meet the final battle of Voldemort." Lily said with a faltered smile.

Dylan gave a humorless smile and said, "That's right, I know, Mom. I'm the boy-who-lived. I was giving hopeful wishing out loud."

Lily smiled sadly as she said, "Don't worry, Sweetie, after the party, I promise all of us will play Quidditch with you." At this promise, Dylan brightened considerably as he nodded. It was difficult to be the boy-who-lived, but it was worth it. He sacrificed so much, but he also got so much in return. He got tons of presents on his birthday, the press was constantly trying to veer for his attention, and everyone (But Death Eaters and Lord Voldemort) loved him. He was constantly adored and cherished, but he also went under intensive training, and knew that it would be up to him if the Wizarding World survived Voldemort when he returned.

No child had it worse off, or better, than he.

The party was a hit. Rosy got a new broom from her father and a deluxe prankster's kit from her Uncle Padfoot. Her Uncle Remus had gotten her a rather nice picture book, but she understood that he had very little money to spend on them, so she had been happy with that.

It was another wonderful birthday to put into the scrapbook.

Come to think of it, they haven't done anything but stuff pictures into the scrapbook.

After their promised Quidditch match, Lily dragged the others inside and, after fixing them all a cup of hot chocolate, she pulled out the old scrapbook and put the pictures aside as she opened it.

"Whatchya doing?" Sirius asked from his place on the couch, having pushed James off of the best seat and claiming it for himself.

"I'm cleaning out the scrapbook. It's a mess, so I'm organizing through the old pictures we have in here." Lily replied as she sat on the floor so she could have better access to the book on the coffee table without hurting her back. "Dylan, Rosy, you want to help Mommy?" she inquired innocently as she opened the book. The two were quick to scramble over and look at the pictures.

Rosy was first to giggle as she proclaimed, "Oh, Mommy, you don't look any different from this picture!" while pointing to the picture of the Potters' wedding day.

Lily smiled at her daughter and said in a motherly flattered voice, "Oh, Rosy, thank you."

Rosy smiled and pointed to her father as she cried, "Oh, but Daddy, you didn't have those white hairs then?" in surprise. James flushed and started to fluster while the others laughed.

Growling, James grabbed the scrapbook from the coffee table and looked at it, all the while crying, "I don't have white hair!"

Lily smirked and said, "Well, James, if you do have white hairs, you wouldn't see it in a picture that's eleven years old." James growled as Remus and Sirius roared with laughter, and his children smirked at him.

As they worked through the book, Lily suddenly frowned. "James, have we ever had another boy?"

James, startled, looked up and said, "No, Lily, if we had another kid, would we forget about them?" as if she was slow.

Lily looked up and pointed to the picture she was looking at. It was the day Dylan was born, but Lily was not only holding a flaming haired child, but another boy who looked like he took after James, and also had brilliant green eyes. James gasped and groped to the memories just floating through his subconscious, but it was too elusive for him.

Remus leaned over and looked at the picture while Sirius tried to calm James and the kids tried to soothe their mother.

"Blinky." Remus said softly. When Lily and James had gotten married, they had all of the house elves magic tied to Remus and Sirius, so the house elves served them as well as they served the Potters.

There was a 'pop' and Blinky poofed into the room and bowed to them, "Can Blinky help Masters?"

Remus held out the picture and tapped the unknown boy as he asked, "Blinky, do you know who this is?"

Blinky glanced at the picture before nodding and saying, "Oh, yes, Blinky knows who baby is! It is Master Harry! Sir Dylan's twin brother!" Lily promptly fainted. Remus cleared his throat and asked, "Blinky, do you think you can find . . . Harry and bring him here?" Blinky nodded and was gone with a 'poof.'

James held Lily, trying to wake her up while Sirius played with the little ones, trying to keep their minds off of the new problem that has arisen. Remus shivered and sat back in his armchair, trying to properly collect himself.

Shampoo147:

There's such a sad love
Deep in your eyes
A kind of pale jewel
Open and closed

Ayame: Quit singing!

Shampoo147:-louder-

There's such a fooled heart
Beatin' so fast
In search of new dreams
A love that will last
Within your heart
I'll place the moon
Within your heart

As the pain sweeps through,
Makes no sense for you.
Every thrill is gone.
Wasn't too much fun at all,
But I'll be there for you-ou-ou
As the world falls down.

Ayame: Urgh! –throws hands up in disgust-

Mittens: Please review.

Acceptance

Harry Potter was a very . . . different young child. When you looked at him, you saw willowy beauty, and shy obedience. But, if you looked closer you'd see intelligence, pain, and grim acceptance. He was a quiet child, even when he was a baby, and he never turned away from a chance to learn. He had accepted the grim reality that his Mother and Father no longer even remembered his name.

He had accepted that his brother had no one to hold him when he cried. Harry had seen that, Dylan crying in his room, away from prying eyes, from those who expected him to be made of steel, to bear their pain and never break. Every time Harry saw him cry, he would feel the blossoming rose of righteous anger. What right did any of them have to do this to his brother? What was his Mother thinking of when she began to train him? What right did those People have to make a child hold their problems?

This fury would stay for a while, before fading away into milky anger.

He had accepted that his brother was being controlled, being in the shadows in all's eyes had many advantages. He had seen the old man with the schemer's eyes, he had seen the way his parents would hand their child over to have more of his innocence wiped away when he should be playing, when he should be a child! The old man, Harry disliked him and mistrusted him even more, but there was nothing to do.

So, when he had had enough, he had made a vow that his brother's innocence will be avenged. The Old Man will regret ever manipulating his family. Harry would make sure of that.

(Oh, how sweet, you are giving up your own childhood just to get back at an old man whom your parents worship)

Shut up, shut up! Was always his reply to that little voice. That little

voice was always there, as long as he could remember, there was a voice in his mind, taunting him, making him question himself, simpering, making him question his own sanity . . .

He hated it, he hated it so much . . .

Harry's room was small, average by normal families, but small compared to the Potter estate. His room was rather nice, it was clean and organized. There were shelves that held little ornaments. The lower ones, the ones on the lower shelves, they held ornaments that were obviously crafted by clumsy hands, but the higher you went in the shelves, the more exquisite the crafts became. The highest shelves held lovely clay makings of castles and dragons, lovingly done, they could sell in a muggle society, for some good money, but the magical society (he thought that Wizarding World was a little unfair. They weren't a different world, different society, yes, but not world. And besides, he didn't think that calling everything Wizarding was unfair to his Mother.) expected the art works to fly or do something, not just stand there looking pretty.

The floor was hardwood, nice to step on in summer, but torture on your feet when it was winter. There was a nice little rug that had the work of a lovely Siberian tiger cub surrounded by intricate white roses. The bed was small, ebony and with crisp blue sheets. There was an ebony wardrobe, simple and non-too fancy.

The walls had blue painted on it with splatters and swirls of silver, looking utterly unique as Harry had done it himself when he was a bit younger. The only window was large, and gave a lovely view of the forest and cherry tree orchard.

Other than those the room was quite bare, not something you ever expect from a small child who lived in a rich household, but Harry liked it.

Harry himself was something that kept you guessing. He didn't show the attitude of a child that knew he was being neglected. He wasn't

resentful, bitter, or cynical. He wasn't teary, sad, or envious. He was quiet, but that could be shrugged off as shyness. His eyes showed intelligence, but always had an air of puzzlement around him. He always looked quizzical, but maybe that was the small, silver scar that turned his eyebrow down. (He had gotten it when he had fallen down the stairs, when he was still a toddler.)

He, also, didn't show the signs you usually looked for in rich children. He wasn't stuffy, snobby, or groomed for success. He never showed innocence or even darkness in his attitude. Never once had he even questioned his parents' forgetting him, he had merely accepted it as a part of life.

Harry liked the smell of books, especially old books. He also liked the smell of rain-wet dirt. He wasn't very fond of the smell of grass, but he adored the smell of apple blossoms.

He liked to spend time in the library, mostly because of the constant smell of books and promise. He also liked to stand outside in rain, the smell was, once again, the reason. He never thought of deep reasons to his actions. Many grown-ups would say that he liked the rain because it was gloomy and it was a personal reflection of his years of neglect, but he just enjoyed the shade and smell. He would go out in sunny days, too, but the sun hurt his eyes and stung his sensitive skin.

Some people would say that his love for learning and reading was a subconscious cry to be better than his famed brother, but he really detested reading dry textbooks, they were too dull. He enjoyed reading muggle fantasy, fiction gave him much to think about and it was from these books that he gathered his views and thoughts. It was also from these books that he learned his vocabulary and science gatherings. He especially enjoyed Stephen King books. His favorite book was a tie between Firestarter and It. It was these books by his favored author that influenced him to study science.

He couldn't explain it, but when it came to magical studies, he just . . .

knew the material. Transfiguration, Arithmancy, ancient runes. Everything just came to him, like a he had already learned the material, and it was all just within arms reach to know it all. But, science, and muggle studies were things that he knew he had to study. Not the beginning things, for some reason, just the more advanced things, like the multiplication rules of exponents, and the base pairing in DNA. Things like that.

It was weird, but Harry didn't know this. It was just another thing he had accepted in life.

Shampoo147:

As the pains sweeps through
Makes no sense for you
Every thrill is gone
Wasn't too much fun at all
But I'll be there for you-ou-ou
As the world falls down

Falling
As the world falls down
Falling
Falling
Falling
Falling in love

Ayame: I am so glad that that's the ending of that song.

Shampoo147: I thought you liked that song.

Ayame: It's beautiful when David Bowie sings it, but not you.

Shampoo147: Who has time for self-esteem with a friend like you.

Mittens: Please review.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!!!

The Forgotten Child

When Harry was much younger, he had always wanted his parents to notice him. He had accepted that his parents hardly ever even so much as looked at him, but that didn't stop his childish dreams of them loving him.

This dream, however, had stopped and burned into ashes, like Charlie's teddy (1), on a remembered birthday.

"Colder than blue snow
Softer than a silky flow
Reality or illusion?
No one ever knows

Light or hateful care
True or merely fantasy
Deep or merely now?
No one ever knows

Whether it's true or false
Whether it really happens
Whether it's like golden dust
Or an ice from the far lands

No one . . . ever . . . knows"

The last line was whispered in a heartbroken tone.

In the dark corner of the room, unnoticeable unless you know what to look for, there was a small chair, with a small child occupying it. The boy was something you could easily look over, not very quaint, or flashy, like children tended to be in parties. For that's why he was here. There was a party.

The boy was, of course, Harry Potter, the forgotten child of the Potter's. Today was his brother's birthday, and that was why he was here. He wanted to see his brother, smiling true smiles, not the tissue thin fakes.

In this little corner, every year, Harry would sit, singing his little ditty over and over, always in the same heartbroken tone.

This year, however, this tradition would shatter, along with Harry's love for the outside world.

"Softer than a silky flow-"

"Excuse me?"

Harry looked up, half expecting to see someone talking to another person near his corner, never to him. So imagine his surprise when the man looked right at him and asked, "Are you Harry Potter?"

Unsure, but knowing it was impolite not to answer, Harry whispered, "Yes, yes, I am."

The man smiled and held out a small bag, no bigger than the man's fist, "Well then, Happy Birthday, Harry Potter."

Harry paused, shocked, but took the bag. A refused gift was an insult, after all.

He pulled the pretty red ribbon holding the bag closed, and saw what was inside the brown bag. It was full of chocolate favors, all muggle.

Harry looked up, still unsure, but politeness made him say, "Thank you, sir. You didn't have to do anything but wish my brother a happy birthday." For this was true.

The man frowned, and Harry caught stray emotions and thoughts.

'Really shouldn't have done this' guilt 'Will the parents get upset that I'm paying more attention to this kid than the boy-who-lived?' fear 'oh, no kid should ever think that, let alone say it!' and pity.

Harry was quick to shake off those thoughts, just in time to hear the man say, "Well, Harry. You're brother is the boy-who-lived, right?" Harry knew why he had bothered with him now, but politeness was still a priority, "Yes, sir."

"Well, I was hoping that you could introduce me to him, you know, as a favor" the man asked, shifting and regret coming off of him in bunches.

Harry looked at the man and said, in such an apathetic voice that the man jumped, "Well, sir, I love your gift, and I hold no grudge for you. But, even as the forgotten child, I don't like to be used." With this, Harry stood up with dignity, and swept out of the room, never looking back at the flabbergasted and ashamed man.

"The Forgotten Child." He whispered, knowing that the child wasn't even aware of the power in his words.

'The Forgotten Child' had stuck in the man's mind, and was always within an arms reach of thought.

That was last year, exactly a year from now, he recalled, for today he turned eight.

"Colder than blue snow
Softer than a silky flow
Reality or illusion?
No one ever knows

Light or hateful care
True or merely fantasy

Deep or merely now?
No one ever knows

Whether it's true or false
Whether it really happens
Whether it's like golden dust
Or an ice from the far lands

No one . . . ever . . . knows"

Harry tilted his head back and looked at the ceiling above his bed. Ever since then, he had lost all care, love, compassion, and moral for the outside world. With no one here to be with him, his heart only held his family. He had been planning ever since then, and he will start soon.

So soon, no mistake about that.)

Harry leaned his head forward and thought about his position, the words of his last birthday coming back to him.

He was the forgotten twin of the boy-who-lived.
He was the forgotten son of Lily and James Potter.
He was the forgotten brother of Rosy Potter.

He was the forgotten child, he thought, unmistakably apathetic.
Shampoo153: I am Catwoman.

Ayame: You wish.

Shampoo147: I do, in fact.

Mittens: (1) Charlie is a small girl who has pyrokinesis, taken from the story Firestarter, by Stephen King, one of Shampoo147's favorite stories. When she was a baby, she had set her teddy on fire and left it utterly charred.

Shampoo147: Please review.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

Trust Fund

"Oh, Harry, Sweetie, it's okay. Shh, Mommy's here, Mommy's here . . ."
" Lily Potter crooned as she held her son, Harry Potter in her arms. James walked in and asked, "What's up with Harry?"

Lily cradled Harry's head into her bosom and replied over his head, "Oh, Harry had another nightmare, you know, the one where we forgot all about him. Something to do with Lord Voldemort, too." She then continued to rock Harry back and forth in her embrace, soothing the shivering boy.

James' face softened and he sat next to his wife and said, "Ouch, that bad? Usually he dreams about one or the other, but both?" he then shook his head and rubbed his Quidditch callused hand into Harry's silky nest for hair.

Harry sighed in content as his mother and father crooned over him and comforted him. "Dada." He gurgled in his baby's voice.

"Okay, Harry, time to go back to sleep. Daddy and I will be right here." Lily soothed as she lowered her little baby into the baby blue crib, next to Dylan, his twin. James smiled and kissed Harry's clear forehead.

"Night, Kiddo. Have a nice dream, 'kay?" James cooed as he caressed his son's young face. He, ever since they were still in Lily's stomach, had made an oath to himself that he would be the best dad in the world. He would never favor another child, never force his own expectations and failures onto his baby boys, never. He would never make all the things his father had done to him. Those things still scarred him today . . .

There was suddenly a high alarm going off in his head. His attention snapped to Lily, noticing that she had noticed it as well, if to judge

from her suddenly pale face.

They both ran downstairs, and while still within hearing range of his children, James cried, "Lily, he's here, take the kids and go!"

Lily's eyes flared and she snapped, "No! I won't leave you, James!"

James growled as he withdrew his wand and jumped the last four steps on the stairs, "There's no time for this, Lily, take the kids and GO! Hurry, it's me or them, and I'd choose them, Honey." He said, his voice suddenly soft as he kissed Lily before casting the banishing charm on her, sending her back up the stairs.

"I'll hold him off!" He cried up after her.

Lily landed with a soft thump as she landed at the top of the stairs, letting out a soft "Oof!" Dimly, she heard James call up that he'd hold him off.

'James James James James James James' was the only thing going through her mind as she ran down the corridor, forcing herself not to look back. As she threw the door to the nursery open, she noticed that Harry and Dylan were now both awake, crying something fierce.

"Oh, hush you two. Everything's fine, everything's alright." She said, when a thought flickered across her mind, 'No, it's not okay, and Harry knows that. You can see it in his eyes' but the thought was gone quicker than it came as she gathered Dylan up in her arms and reached for Harry.

Then the door blew open and, with a scream, Lily was thrown forward, but managed to avoid hurting her babies as held them off to the side.

There, in the doorway, was a dark silhouette of the darkest man of all time. Lord-

'BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!'

Harry Potter jerked awake and threw his pillow out at his alarm clock. He glared at nothing in particular as he tried to get up and get his toiletries ready for the day.

Dreams like that, they weren't uncommon. They were usually about the same thing, but every time he had them, they kept getting more and more vivid. At first (as far as he could remember) it had been nothing but a woman's scream and a flash of green light, but this was the first time that the dream was uncompleted.

'BEEP BEEP'

Harry jerked himself forward and turned off his alarm for the day. Gathering his clothes, he stumbled, still sleep slurred, down the hall for a quick shower and daily grooming.

As he stood in the shower, allowing the hot water to cascade down and roll off of his body, mind turning over different ideas in his mind.

He had sworn to himself over a year ago that Dumbledore would pay, but in order to do that, he would need to be someone, not a Forgotten Child, but not a threat either. He was fully aware that the old man wasn't the grandfatherly sub that everyone thought him to be; he was a manipulative old genius that didn't like the thought of some people not being under his control. Harry saw what he's done. He makes subtle moves, convincing fools that anything he didn't dub 'light' was dark, and thus, evil. Using this, he moved so that people would believe him the savior, their icon. He 'moved' his pieces to turn one person bitter and hating, then waited for the person to try to get revenge before bringing them down. There had been the 'little' things, then Grindelwald had come along and taken down, casting Dumbledore in the spotlight as the completely light, pure, hero.

He hated the man.

Harry finished washing himself and stepped out of the shower. He toweled himself off and put his clothes on, then he brushed his teeth before going downstairs.

Oh the way down the stairs, that little voice was acting up again.

(Oh, why don't you use the darkness against Dumbledore?)

'You are nothing but a voice in my head, I can't hear you'

(You do know that having voices in your head is a signature trait that you're crazy?)

'I am not crazy'

(Whatever helps you sleep at night)

'Wasn't there a point you tried to bring up?'

(What? Oh, yeah, what if you joined up with Voldemort and helped bring down the Light?)

'I can't do that for several reasons: first, I have no idea where he is. Second, he wants to kill all muggleborns and half bloods. Thirdly, my family is part of the Light, and I swore that I would never allow harm come upon them.'

(Just a thought, no need to bite my head off. But, you must admit, there is some merit to the idea, no?)

'No'

(As for your reasons, they aren't that bad)

'Please leave my head'

(Lord Voldemort was last spotted in Albania, so you could start a search there)

'I'm not listening to this'

(If you get enough into his favor, you can show him results of magical tests about the need and advantages of having muggleborns in society)

'Oh, please, I'm a half blood myself'

(And, you can keep your family in a safe house)

'They're not going to be too happy about that!'

(Quit being such a pessimist)

'I'm being a realist'

(Fine, I can tell that I won't be able to change your mind about this . . .)

Harry, happy that the voice was finally shutting up (even if only a moment) made his way into the kitchen and poured himself some cereal, without sugar, he didn't like to have too-sweet sugar. As he was halfway, the voice came back.

(All right, just listen and give me a moment of attention, uninterrupted attention)

Harry glared at his bowl before muttering, "Fine . . ."

(Okay, just a thought, what if you collected the files of all accused Death Eaters, then taught their children.)

'Why would I do that?'

(Hold on, hold on. Okay, according to your family and Dumbledore, Voldemort will come back, right?)

'Yes'

(When Voldemort comes back, wouldn't it be better if you were in his favor?)

'Why?'

(Well, we both know that neither your family nor Dumbledore care for you, right?)

'Where are you going with this?'

(Getting there, now, if no one on the Light knows about you, wouldn't be in your best interests to have the Dark take you in? No, don't say anything, just listen. Not for real taking you in, just pretending. Okay, we both know that Dylan wouldn't be able to take on the Inner Circle, and Voldemort, right? Yes, we do. So, if you were on the inside, you could arrange things so that your brother could fight, if you do this correctly, a weakened Voldemort.)

'I see.'

(Good! Do you see the end results that work in your favor?)

'No, explain it'

(Okay, fighting a weak Voldemort will give your brother all the advantages that you can give, so he'll be more likely to win, and live. Now, if, in the final moments, you show your family your true intentions and loyalties, they'd have to love you, right?)

'Yes, I suppose they would . . . maybe my mother would hug me, or my father would-would . . . ' Ruffle your hair like he does Dylan, that proud gleam in his eyes . . . soft with love . . .

(Plus, if you do this right, you'll have a squad of Death Eater children loyal to you, highly trained, to have your back.)

' . . . The Ministry is corrupt'

(Yes, if we can, Dumbledore will also be revealed as the schemer he is . . .)

'I think we can work that out.'

(Yes?)

' . . . '

Harry was quiet as he thought, memories and flashes flickering in his mind's eye.

He saw his mother, love radiating in her eyes, cuddling and kissing Dylan, her baby . . .

He saw his father, teaching Rosy how to fly for the first time . . .

He saw the family sitting in the parlor, smiling and radiating love, for their family portrait.

He looked up, eyes shining with a mysterious aura that enchanted, and intimidated . . .

'Yes'

Lord Voldemort, standing straight and power sizzling off his form.

Lily looked up with fearful determination.

"What did you do with James?!" she cried as she scrambled up, standing over her babies. A lioness protecting her cubs from the world's dangers

Voldemort sneered, "That blood traitor? He's dead, didn't put up much of a fight, he spilled where you were after a minute under the Cruciatus Curse."

Lily's eyes flared and she cried out, "You liar! James wouldn't do that!"

Voldemort sneered again as he prowled over them, successfully scaring Lily even more, and causing the babies to silence, "That would show what you know about your husband, then, mudblood." He raised his wand to Dylan, who was currently at Lily's side.

She managed to pick him up and held him protectively against her chest, "Not my babies! Please . . . have mercy . . . have mercy . . . Not my babies! Not them! Please – I'll do anything-"

"Stand aside. Stand aside, girl!" Voldemort snarled as he leveled his wand at her.

How satisfying it could have been, but then he vetoed the idea, killing her would not do . . . "Stupefy."

Lily was shocked when a red beam soared to her and hit her in the chest. There was darkness and nothing more . . .

"Lily, Lily, Honey, wake up." there was James, he was shaking her, "Wake up, wake up." He was whispering to her softly . . .

Lily's eyes snapped open

"James! Harry, and Dylan, I messed up, James, I'm a horrible mother,

oh god . . . " Lily then lost all ability to be coherent and burst into tears to communicate her sorrow. James frowned and pulled her close to his chest, tucking his face into her auburn hair.

"Lily, the boys are all right." Lily's head snapped up so fast that she knocked James' teeth together with a harsh snap.

"What, they are?! Where are they? Where's Voldemort?" Lily asked in rapid succession.

Before James could answer, Dumbledore came in and smiled. "Lily, James, this might be a bit difficult to believe, but when Voldemort tried to one of your boys, the spell must have rebounded and killed him." There was a stiff silence after that announcement before Lily cried, "Where are my babies!?"

Dumbledore smiled and handed over an auburn haired boy, "James and Lily Potter, I present to you, Dylan Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived." Lily stared at her little boy before handing him over to James and asking, "Where is Harry?"

Dumbledore merely smiled again as he raised his wand . . .

Harry Potter said nothing as he gently put down his book, *The Rise and Fall of Dark Arts*. There was a brief mention of Dylan in there, but not very much on Voldemort himself. As he thought, he realized something, Lord Voldemort (Dark Lord) was said to be in Slytherin, meaning that he had to have gone to Hogwarts. If that was true, there had to be history on him in the student files.

Harry vexed his lips as he thought about this. He needed to learn more about Lord Vold- the Dark Lord in order before he made any final decision about join him, or dedicate his loyalty to him. Harry gritted his teeth in anger, in order to access the student files of Hogwarts, he'd have to be in Hogwarts itself, and he couldn't sneak in with the old Codger in office, he was too smart to be outdone by a

neglected kid like him. So, at the moment, he would either have to pose as a student and go in (after Sorting of course) and do his research then, or wait until he went to Hogwarts and go with Ministry information at the moment.

But in order to pose as a student, he would need some polyjuice potion, and since he had no money for the potions supplies in that area, it looked like he would have to wait until he was a student before he could even glimpse at the records. So, it looked like he would have to stick with library newspapers on any lead on the Dark Lord. He would also have to get into the Ministry for a list of the suspected Death Eaters, and imprisoned Death Eaters. Looks like, either way, he would need polyjuice.

'Now would be a good time to annoy me with your never-ending knowledge.' He thought irritably, thinking of the annoying little voice in his head.

(Why? For once it seems as if you have everything under control.)

'I need your help, I need money.'

(Is that all you'll ever call me for? Never to say hi?)

'You're a voice in my head, you never leave.'

(Good point, well, you could use your trust fund)

'I'm a forgotten child, they wouldn't remember me enough to set up a trust fund.'

(Silly boy, it's traditional for pureblood families to set up a trust fund for the boys of the family within a week after they're born. The usual minimum is 1000 gallons, but 2000 gallons for the heir, and seeing as you are a twin of your brother, it's most likely that you were given 2000 gallons, and that should have been roughly eight years ago.)

'For that amount of money, the interest rate would be ten percent. So that should be . . . roughly 4,256 gallons now, if I was counted as a possible heir. Thank you, I shall go to the bank tomorrow, after I talk a house elf to get me good robes.'

(No problem, I may never always give you a straight answer, but you can always ask me any question. Just not about the birds and the bees.)

'A bit late for that.'

(Hmm, I think so, well, goodbye then.)

'What goodbye? You're still in my head.'

The voice didn't reply and Harry once again doubted his own sanity. He had just had an educational conversation with himself.

Shampoo147: I hope you all forgive me, making a chapter longer is harder than I thought, and it's hardly any longer!

Ayame: Please review.

To Think

The next day, a small flutter of black robes weaved in and out of the Diagon Alley foot traffic, heading in the direction of Gringotts.

Quickly skittering inside, the flutter of robes hurried to the nearest teller.

Removing the deep hood, laced with gold to divert negative attention, revealed a slender elfin face with pink lips and hypnotizing green eyes. The young boy looked at the goblin and said, "Excuse me, but I must ask you, is it possible for me to access my trust fund without my key?"

The goblin looked down his nose at the small boy and said, "Yes, if you are serious, follow me." Then walked off at a swift pace. The boy scampered off to him and took a few yards trying to mimic the goblin's way of walking, before succeeding and was now walking with his head high, a grouchy, yet traditionally elegant posture usually impossible for humans to mimic.

The goblin led the boy, (If you haven't figured it to be Harry, I suggest Sp. Ed) to a wooden door and said, "Just place your hand here," he gestured to the circle in the middle, "and the door will take a few drops of blood. If you do have a vault, even a trust fund, the door will give you a key." Harry nodded and placed his nimble hand on the circle, wincing as he felt a sharp prick in the middle of his palm.

The goblin made a gesture, letting Harry know that the door had its share of blood. As he pulled his hand back, he noticed a glowing light at the small slot to the right of the circle, where the goblin was. The light faded away, leaving one, small key in its place. The goblin gave a brisk nod and said, "Well, this key says Vault 314, Potter's heir." When he was done with this statement, a cart came whizzing and Harry watched as it slowed and stopped in front of them.

The goblin got in and, seeing that Harry hadn't copied, made an impatient gesture to the seat behind him. Harry quickly hurried his steps and settled himself in the back seat. There was a sudden jerk and all Harry can fully recall about the trip was a blur of colors and shapes.

'Good defense tactic, not even letting your enemies have a chance at navigating the tunnels by themselves.' He thought acidly to himself.

The cart finally jerked to a stop and Harry blinked as his stomach heaved queasily. He shakily followed the goblin out of the cart and to the vault. The goblin put the key inside the keyhole and opened the vault.

Harry looked inside and barely managed to retain any shred of dignity he had left by keeping himself from fainting or gaping like an idiot at the sheer amount of gold inside. He cleared his throat and asked the goblin, "Might I inquire how much money is in here?"

The goblin looked at him and back to the vault, "My estimate is 4,500 gallons."

Harry nodded and walked in, filling his pouch with gold and turning to the goblin to let him know that he was ready to leave.

Harry was so distracted by the gold in his pouch that he failed to notice a redheaded girl watching him with admiring eyes.

Harry said nothing as he left the Apothecary with the necessary ingredients required for the potions he had in mind. He quickly hid himself among the early Hogwarts students milling about and went into the bookstore.

He looked over a few books and picked up A Basic Guide to Occlumency, The Basics of Mind Magic, Abstract Magic, Advanced Potion Making, Potions for the Gifted, Wandlore: The Dying Art,

Foreign Magic, Albanian Magic, and Spell Crafting. The cashier had given him a funny look before deciding that he must be picking up books for the family, which was fine with Harry.

He vexed his lip as he took his things back with him, to his home and tried to stop his finger twitching. He had seen a beautiful drawing of a centaur while in the bookstore and needed to get his hands in some clay, and collect his tools.

Harry leaned back and admired his art, a masterpiece. It was a centaur, the very same centaur he had seen in the bookstore, with deep brown fur and hair, spots of glossy black on the rear side of the creature. Is had had golden brown skin and black hooves and tail . . . eight days it had taken him to complete this work of art. As was his talent, the centaur moved, expressed life without a single quiver of the clay. It was a painstaking job, to express so much emotion into a single inanimate object, and to pay attention to every little detail so that each stroke of hair and color had its own care.

(Well, well, you've wasted over a week of precious time making a damn sculpture? You've wasted the time you could have spent studying, learning, planning?!) Damn it, he hated that voice so much.

'For your information, you annoying little pest, I have been planning. I've been thinking and creating works of art helps me do that! Yes, I could have been studying, but then my brain would get sluggish and I would fail to bring up a plan worth the thought of 'genius' and not merely 'clever'.'

(Well, now that you're done, you might be able to get back to work, brat.)

'Bastard.'

There was no reply and Harry heavily questioned his sanity.

He was silent for a moment then looked out of the window, to the cherry courts. They were beginning to go out of their season and some of the leaves were already dying. He stared at the scene for a moment more before digging out A Basic Guide to Occlumency.

He flipped open the cover, skipped the Table of Contents, and read the Introduction.

Occlumency is a form of mind magic. This form of magic requires no foolish wand waving and is not for the undedicated. Occlumency, like all forms of mind magic, is a magic so pure, refined, and complicated that there are whole plains of researchers who study the art, the form.

The mind is not merely a muscle in our heads, it's a field of worlds all its own. One could scale the threads of a mind for years, decades, and never fully comprehend the movement, the beauty of the mind.

There are very few who appreciate the subtle and delicate arts of mind magic, and stick to their own world of falsehood and secrets.

The mind can hold many different anomalies and dysfunctions . . .

Harry stopped and skimmed over the rest of the chapter. There was nothing here that he couldn't (or hadn't) acquired from a muggle psychology book. He skimmed over the chapters and bit his thumb (his cuticles, more specifically) when he found that Occlumency was a rather simple and do-able concept. The thing that got to most people as hard was that you had to be truly dedicated to the art the countless practice. You had to be focused and dedicated in order to achieve anything in Occlumency, constant organizing, re-organizing the chaos of the mind, the endless mediation, but most of all, the acceptance of what, who, you are and the realities.

In order to master Occlumency, you had to separate your being from your emotions and look at the world through gray eyes. Only the

truest occlumens could remain true to themselves and be neither optimistic nor pessimistic.

As expected, not very many people ever reached this level of mastery.

Pushing the book aside, Harry reached for The Basics of Mind Magic, he had a lot of . . . studying to do today.

Studying . . . such a foreign word . . . he hated it . . .

Harry leaned back and glared at the ceiling of his room, he had just finished studying and memorizing the information from the books that he had bought two weeks earlier.

(Damn, you study slow.)

Harry scowled and replied, 'Of course I do, I've never actually studied before!'

(Excuses, excuses.)

Harry growled under his breath before closing his eyes and allowing his anger and frustration to flow over his body. It was a great little magic trick he had mastered a few months ago. He simply allowed any strong emotion, which could cloud his mind and interfere with his thought process, to –for lack of a proper title- shimmer with his magic and vent out through his pores.

Simply, he was sweating out strong emotions. Oddly, if the emotion was negative, it came out gold, a light sheen of gold sweat, and positive emotions came out silver (silver sweat, you have never had such an odd experience).

As the oily gold trickled about his body, Harry's thoughts became more controlled and his thought process was now more apathetic.

Despite having so much knowledge within an arm's reach, he had no clue of anything to do with Ancient Runes and Arithmancy, not to mention spell structure and ritual markings. He had accepted that while reading, he would automatically know what they were speaking about, or have a gist.

This time, on Spell Crafting, he had no clue what they were talking about.

This meant that he would need to buy basic-advanced schoolbooks to . . . study.

Unfortunately, this also presented a problem, as he little clue as to what would automatically be there and what he would be lost in, and also the little fact that he had no instructor.

Most people assumed that an instructor was a luxury, but, while not completely necessary, an instructor was someone who already knew the material and could correct you in a way that books and journals couldn't. Instructors/teachers/professors etc. (but we'll stick to instructors) were actual people you could ask questions, guess with, bounce ideas off of . . .

Plus they were personal doorways into your own inter-personal abilities and outside contacts.

So he needed an instructor, he could easily continue to self-study, but a tutor (and money) was on a "Need to get" list.

He needed more advanced psychology books and books on mind magic, from Knockturn Alley, if he had to.

Now, the Death Eater list would need some more thought. He had little knowledge of the inner workings of the Ministry of Magic, so he would also have to keep stake-out on what he could of the main

building and pick up what he can without being recognized or suspected of foul play.

So it would be best to follow different people to their work on in the Ministry, under muggle disguise so he wasn't discovered. He could use muggle dye and dye his hair brown, maybe blonde, and get contacts . . .

But they required money, and he was wary of the currency rate compared to the magical currency. He knew very little about the muggle currency and could easily be scammed, conned, or cheated.

No matter how smart one was, he was still a child and was easily targeted for scams and con artists, and was very easily swayed unless he kept a strong focus, and as money, no matter how much he needed it, was of little consequence to him and thus, not very likely to be protected by him.

A goblin was a very quick thought at first glance, but he was wary of how trustworthy goblins would be to him. So the best option for him at the moment would be to go to the muggle society and pick out the most trustworthy person he saw, most preferably a parent, and ask about money, surely it wasn't uncommon for a lost little boy to ask such questions?

Deciding to go with his last option, Harry stood and prepared for a trip to the muggle society.

On Fire

Harry quietly maneuvered himself through the unfamiliar streets of London. He had taken extra precaution to memorize the location of the Leaky Cauldron, for he was quite sure he would get lost, to ask a please-man-

(Policeman, moron.)

Harry scowled slightly, 'fine'

He was quite sure he would get lost and when he did, he could ask a policeman to guide him back.

After a few more moments of looking, Harry saw a man with several kids waiting to cross the street. He quickly joined them and waited until they were across the roads to catch the man's attention.

"Excuse me, sir?" Harry asked in his most shy voice.

The man blinked and looked down, "Hullo there, are you lost?"

"Yes, but I wanted to ask you something else."

The man's eyebrows raised and he replied, "Really? Well, what do you want to know?"

"Sir, how many books will a few . . . " 'What's the word? What's the damn word?'

(Pounds)

'Thank you'

(Hurry up and say something before the man thinks you're subnormal and gets away from you/)

"pounds, get me, sir?"

"Well, that depends on the books. You could probably get a book in a second-hand store, but not in real store. The cheapest book I've seen that's not second hand would be £9.10. Sorry kid, would you like me to guide you home?"

"No thank you, your kids seem hard to handle, but could you direct me to a policeman?"

"They are, there's one right over there, okay, take care, young man."

"Thank you, sir." And with that parting, Harry walked to the policeman and spoke up.

"Sir?"

The policeman blinked before turning to Harry and asking, "Yes, are you lost?"

'Why is that the automatic assumption?'

(Because you're a kid)

'Right'

"Yes sir, I am. Could you direct me to Tresher Street? *"

"Sure, it's not that far from here, are your parents there?"

"They were when I lost them."

"Very well, come along." Then with that said, the policeman began walking towards what Harry could only assume was Tresher Street.

As Harry was following, a thought occurred to him and he turned to the man of the muggle law and asked, "What's copper, silver, and gold worth?"

The man of authority looked at him oddly before saying, "It really depends on how much you're talking about, but pure metal like that is worth more than a couple of pounds."

The man said nothing more, and Harry did not pursue the subject.

Safely back into his room, the cop had been wary of letting him to himself, until Harry approached a random pair and said, "Hello, I'm here," in where the man left. Shortly after the law enforcer left, Harry went to the Leaky Cauldron, leaving a befuddled pair in his wake.

(What was with the metallic worth question?)

'I've been thinking, if the worth of things of our society and their society is so different, why wouldn't material worth be the same? From the way the man reacted, I can easily conclude that currency, such as copper, silver, and gold is worth more to the muggles than it is to the magic folk.'

(Clever little trickster! Wonderful thinking, now you just have to find out the difference.)

'Yes, it is not late in the day, so if I were to be so inclined, I could ask the currency exchange rate from magicfolk money to muggle money. Then, I take a single knut, sickle, and galleon to the muggle society and see how the two compare from there.'

(Good thinking. Well, what are you waiting for?)

'No need to get so upset.'

A quiet flutter of black cotton weaved its way through the crowded streets of Diagon Alley to Gringotts and was unnoticed by all.

The figure in black maneuvered through the bank's front entrance and to the first teller he saw.

"Excuse me, goblin-sir?" Harry asked in a shy voice.

The goblin spared him a glance before saying, "Yes, what do you want?" none too kindly.

"What's the exchange rate from wizarding money, galleons for the moment, to muggle money, pounds?" Harry asked, determined to commit the next piece of information to memory.

The goblin didn't seem too interested and simply said, "15 pounds to a galleon."

"Thank you, sir" biting his lip, Harry departed and wandered through Diagon Alley to the Leaky Cauldron.

Harry wandered through muggle London a few moments before asking someone where he would go to sell something without getting into trouble. They appeared to assume he was a runaway and had directed him to a pawnshop run by an eccentric rich man.

Entering the shop, Harry was surprised at the sense of disuse in the air, but the shop was so nicely kept that it would be easy to have trouble believing they may lack business. At the sound of the bell, a middle-aged man looked up from his place behind the counter and smiled, approaching him.

"Hullo there, is there anything I can help you with?" the man asked nicely.

Harry gulped and replied, "Yes, I have something to sell, but I don't want to get into any trouble."

The man smiled again and replied, "Don't worry, if you're willing to sell this, I can deal with any legitimate dealings for you. Now, what do you have for me?"

A bit more at ease, but still ready to run at any given moment, Harry pulled out a galleon from his pouch and handed it over to the man. He watched as the man's face took on a surprising expression of pure business and excitement. Harry decided there and then that the coin was worth more in the muggle society than in the magical society.

(No, how'd you guess?)

'Shut up.'

"Real gold, this is real gold." The man was muttering to himself.

After roughly an hour of waiting, Harry finally became impatient and said a somewhat loud voice, "Sir? Are you almost done examining it?"

The man jumped and nodded, Harry noted the hesitation in his nod, however.

"20,000 pounds." The man said, his voice firm and final.

Harry blinked, then blinked again.

'20,000 pounds!' was playing through his head like his broken record player.

(Take what's offered, double it, and haggle)

'Why? 20,000 is plenty enough. One galleon for 20,000 pounds will equal a rough dividend of 1333 galleons.'

(Just do it)

'...'

"40,000."

The man looked at him, his eyes hard and firm, "30,000."

(Divide the difference between the two and subtract it from your current sum)

"35,000"

"31,000."

"37,500 pounds or I'll walk out of this shop and sell elsewhere."

"I've got-"

"Squat, it's right here, and I can run faster than you can aim and pull a trigger to the gun I know you probably have tucked somewhere around your person."

"Damn you kid, fine, 37,500 pounds for your gold coin."

"Thank you sir." (Ask for cash) "I would much prefer cash, please."

The man was already counting out the money, and simply said, "Of course you do."

Harry quietly walked with the suitcase full of pounds that the man had given him. 37,500 pounds, divided by the exchange rate of fifteen pounds to a galleon, he now had the equivalent to 2500 galleons, not a bad investment from 1 galleon.

(No, not a bad investment at all, but the teller started out too high, you need to do this again and ask for 50,000 pounds.)

'What? Why? Isn't that a bit pushy?'

(Good point, 60,000.)

'WHAT? That's definitely asking for too much money. It'll never pull through!'

(Do it, it'll work, just try again. Wander around first, London's big and dense, just what you need to get a higher price for something you've already sold.)

Irate, and not very willing to get lost in muggle London, Harry continued to the Leaky Cauldron.

(Hey, didn't you hear what I said?)

'Of course I did, you're in my head, I just decided to ignore you.'

(I do NOT remember being so stubborn when I was young.)

'What do you mean, 'when I was young'? Aren't you a part of my psyche?'

(Enough of this, there's the simple fact that you do need to do this, good funds are essential for any life.)

'I don't think so.'

(Do it, or I'll start singing.)

'Surely you can't-'

(HAVE SOME COMPOSURE
WHERE IS YOUR POSTURE?
OH-NO-OH-OH-OH-OH)

YOU'RE PULLING THE TRIGGER

PULLING THE TRIGGER-)

'ALL RIGHT! Just stop singing! I'll go try to cheat someone else.'

(Good.)

'I hate you.'

(I am you.)

So, with an unwilling growl, Harry Potter turned around and started going random directions around London, got lost in ten minutes, and amused himself for five, watching the rats scurry.

Huffing, and having just asked some shady looking teenagers where he could go for the nearest 'pawnshop,' Harry walked into the slightly dusty store; the bell announcing his presence.

'I don't like this.'

(It'll be okay. Just do as I say.)

'Why did those teenagers just let me through with the information I needed?'

(Because I'm a part of you and as such, I can manipulate the magic you give off randomly to certain whims; such as compelling a couple of troubled teens into helping the little boy with green eyes.)

'What? What does that mean, how?'

(I'll explain later, now look sharp and do as I say!)

Harry snapped to attention at this and looked the shady looking man who was eyeing him with interest. He drew himself up, sensing that keeping his composure would be a good way to get a slight leeway

into respect.

(Respect . . .)

'What?'

(Look sharp!)

Harry refocused onto the man, who looked ready to speak.

"So, what can I do for a young man such as you? You don't look very lost." At this, the man smiled a smile and Harry dully noted the slightly sharp canines.

"No, sir, I'm not lost. My parents sent me here, they wanted me to sell you this," and Harry withdrew a galleon and placed it on the counter separating them. The man surveyed the galleon with just as much scrutiny as the other and was muttering similar things as the other.

Harry waited for thirty minutes before interrupting, "Sir, now that I'm sure you're certain of it's authenticity, I would like to see how much you would pay for this."

The man looked at him and clenched tighter on the gold coin, "40,000 pounds, no more."

"Sir, I would like it very much if I held the coin."

"I'm sure you would, how about I keep a hand on this and you leave, how does that sound?"

'Anything?'

(Yeah, I'm channeling your magic now, when I say so, point your index finger at him and yell, "Stupefy.")

'Yeah, I can do that.'

(Good, now keep him in your sight.)

"Sir, how about you hand me what you offered and then I leave?"

"Don't think so, keed. No run along home before you get hurt in a neighborhood like this."

"Sir, I warn you-"

"Of what? A temper tantrum, now run along and tell your parents that you got messed up with the wrong people and got nothing to show for it."

(Now.)

Harry felt a sudden surge of power flush through his body; causing his nerves to sing in pain and pleasure, so much that it was exhilarating, invigorating, stimulating . . . frightening. So much power, too much power. Too much, too much too much

Without a moment's thought, Harry pointed at the surprised dealer
'Too much power'

"STUPEFY!"

A burning sensation ripped through his body and to his finger, his good finger

'too much, dear Merlin, there's too much!'

sending off a ripple effect of burning pain through his nerves from the tip of his index finger, where a dark red light just ripped out and hit the poor dealer in the chest 'Oh, dear Merlin, I'm BURNING! I'M ON FIRE!'

Shampoo147: I hate to leave it off there, but I have limited Internet

time, sorry.

Ayame: Thank you for reading!

Jackie: Please like this chapter.

The Explanation

Grey, wasn't it black a moment ago?

Or was it white?

Or was it always gray?

A different color, maybe?

Harry didn't know, and quietly contemplated the mystery of "what color was it before blue?"

Harry didn't know how long he was staring at the colors, five minutes, five days, five years, he couldn't tell, and found that he didn't care.

Harry was contemplating what color had come before red when he felt something, something, real.

He felt a sense of being solid.

It came slowly, maybe quickly, Harry couldn't tell, but he was gaining his senses.

The time came when he was able to feel, but that was all he was sure he had. He could feel his fingers, his toes, his nose, and the rest of his body; they were tingling. He concentrated on flexing his toes and felt them move; he flexed every muscle in his body (that he knew how to flex) and was pleased that he could do this.

He could suddenly smell things, not a very unpleasant smell, or a very pleasant cocktail of aromas. There was freshly cut grass, the musty, stale odor of a neglected cupboard (probably had spiders), and the sharp smell of disinfectants. Startled, he turned (he could move, that was new, or was it old and he just couldn't remember?) and saw a nondescript house, nothing spectacular, nothing dingy.

Figuring that since he could turn, he could walk, he willed himself forward and was pleased as he felt his legs, knees, ankles, and feet work together to bring him closer to the house.

As he got to the door, he noted the shiny, brass 4 beside it, the address of whatever street this house is from. He opened the door and stepped in.

The inside of the house was completely the same as the outside, barren, nothing spectacular. There were no paintings, pictures, personal effects, or even carpeting. It was just barren, like a warehouse, and there weren't even any shadows in this place, the edges unobscured.

Hesitantly, Harry began to walk forward, and was drawn to the cupboard in the wall under the stairs.

He stopped, and waited.

Nothing.

Where was his voice?

Gulping, and just now realizing how dependent he had gotten upon the voice, he opened the cupboard door, which had vents installed.

There was nothing in there but a barren cot, very small. Small enough for himself, he noted. Glancing around, he withdrew from the cupboard and closed the door. He glanced up the stairs, having wished this was a movie so he could hear something.

He quietly began to walk up the wooden stairs, pleased (and unnerved) by the unmuffled, 'click, click' of his shoes hitting the floor.

When he got to the top of the stairs, he turned to his right, and opened the door.

The first bit of sensory information that he registered was the dimness, shadows, different lighting. Real lighting.

Then there was the clutter.

This room was filled with old, broken toys, dusty books, a birdcage filled with bird poop, scatters of the Daily Prophet (all with dates have yet to pass, years and years left to go), and a small bed with a man sitting on it, his face in Harry's direction.

Harry stared at the man, he was tall, perhaps 5 ½ to 6 feet, and was wearing black auror robes, complete with the boots. He had black hair, somewhat light, like the sun has damaged it, and had a golden brown tan. His face was covered, not allowing Harry to see much more than a vague outline of a strong jaw and a proud-shaped nose. His hair was like his own, and like his father's, messy, naturally so, not faked . . .

"Hello, Harry." The man said; his voice a rough, forced baritone.

"Hello." Harry replied; a knee jerk reaction.

The man raised his face, allowing Harry to see the details.

Harry uttered a small gasp, stunned . . . this man had his eyes, murkier, jade, not really emerald, but his eyes, none-the-less.

"Sir, are you-are you me?" Harry whispered, politeness coming to him naturally.

The man looked at him for a moment before he threw his head back and laughed. His laugh was like his voice, rough, forced, husky.

"Sir, no one's ever called me 'sir', except house-elves, they don't count." The man said, still chuckling. "Don't worry about being polite,

waif, I've heard your every thought since your brother became the boy-who-lived."

Harry stared, since he was a baby, but . . .

The man, Harry, was just watching him, observing him and Harry (that's going to get confusing) knew that he wanted him to figure it out for himself.

The only thing he could think of that's always been there would be . . .

"Sir, are you my voice?" Harry asked, his eyes wide.

The man smirked and that was all the answer Harry needed.

'How could this man be my voice? I'm talking to him! He's supposed to be in my head, wait, does this mean that this all in my head? Am I dreaming this? Am I hallucinating? Did I hit my head when I fainted? Am I crazy?'

All of these thoughts flickered in his mind and he couldn't find anything to fully focus on.

'Okay, just talk to this man and try to get some facts before jumping to conclusions, that'll only complicate things.'

Harry sighed and looked towards himself, who looked cynically amused.

"I think I know who you are, and what you are, so, why were you in my head?" Harry asked, getting to the point.

The man smirked, "Well, now look who's being critical. Well, I suppose it's natural, you're much more rational than even I was at your age, than I was when I was a teenager, really. Ah, memories . . .

"

Harry waited for the man to answer his question through his mutterings and finally lost his patience, "Sir! Please, answer me!"

The man stopped and looked to him, "Eh? Oh yeah, yes, I am your voice, and I am you. Does that answer your question?"

Harry hesitated before forcibly calming himself. "No, it only answers the who part of my question, it does not answer 'what' or the 'why' parts of my inquiry."

The man, the other Harry looked at him before smirking, "Yes, so damn mature. Ah well, the 'what' and 'why' parts a bit more difficult to explain. Well, might as well start with the 'what'. You see, little Harry, who I shall now call, "Teddy Harry" or "Teddy" for short-" the newly proclaimed "Teddy Harry" twitched, "I come from something called an Alternate Universe. From the beginning, from before what any of us can perceive as the beginning, there was energy, energy in its purest form. It, for lack of any better word, was dancing. It danced and danced, until the energy began swirl together, and separate. Energy began to emerge into what we call the universe, while of course, there is really a multiverse. All of the energy separated into different 'verses' and continue to dance, only interloping when there's a chance. In simple terms when something, or perhaps, someone, is faced with options, the energies interlope and in they branch off. Creating even more verses, in which each option was applied. Thereby, there are very many verses."

He took a moment to pause and take a breath while Teddy Harry had sat down halfway through his explanation and was waiting patiently. "Mind thinking me some water?" the older Harry, remarked before pulling out a goblet of water from God-knows-where and drinking the water. "Now, where was I?"

"You were explaining how the swirling energy created the

multiverse."

"Ah, yes, well some people have concluded that through the current understandings of the appliance of the form of energy called magic, we may be able to cross into other universes through the tunnels, or vortexes, which are created when the energy intermingles with separate domains of energy. They have concluded that it may be possible to create a well-calculated system through which a person may travel from one universe to the other almost on will.

Of course, this has many problems with it.

Due to the fact that many people face various important to frivolous options in their daily lives, it's natural to conclude that unless they can track, document, and calculate every little decision everyone makes in the day, every day of their lives, there is no way to track what will be affected or what tunnels will be created. Naturally, many skeptics also point out that as it's an impossibility to be the only ones in the universe, let alone the multiverse, it would be a virtual impossibility for us to accurately calculate every decision made in our current universe that may branch off. They're still debating on whether or not a child choosing to buy a Mars Bar or flavored sugar will branch off.

Also, it would be impossible for us to calculate every decision that may have branched off in the past, or our concept of 'past'.

So, the researchers have concluded that if we do create a way for us to travel through the tunnels left by the interlacing energy domains, we would be traveling completely blind, if we survive at all.

So you see that universe traveling is something that cannot be taken lightly." Harry paused for a moment, his voice managing to sound no hoarser than it had when he had first started talking.

Teddy contemplated this for a while before saying, "So, what you're

saying is that you managed to go through a tunnel, and ended up in my head as a result, completely at random?"

Harry blinked before saying, "Well, yeah, I suppose, although fate may have had a hand in it."

"If what you say is true, then that means that this is completely random, all chance, is that it?"

"Mostly, but that's the scientific part of what I've just said." 'What the hell is the science? Science is a way to manipulate energy without the essence of magic at a person's disposal.' Teddy said this.

Harry smiled and replied, "Well, I never really said anything about magic influencing this. All of what I had just told was pure science, without magic added into the mix.

Now, when you add the energy form of magic into the formula, then the concept of universal traveling is possible, with the right applications. However, this also makes controlling the flow of energy between domains, or even forecasting them and riding them out, impossible, although, that was a very good point and a good display of critical thinking."

"So, you're saying that magic changes very little in applications of universe traveling."

"No, I'm saying that magic changes very little in the theory of universal traveling. Due to the fact that no one was stupid, suicidal, bored, smart, or powerful enough to actually try to cross into an alternate universe, there are little actual applications; just theories."

"Which were you?"

"Desperate, suicidal, and stupid." Harry tilted his head back and looked at Teddy, "It was mostly an accident, to be honest. But, of

course, that is a story for another day. I think now we should wake you up and send you back into your reality."

"Wait! Does this mean that it was all in my mind?" Teddy asked, wanting to know this last question.

"Yep, I think that two days have passed on the outside."

"..."

"What?"

"If I stay too long in here, will I die?"

"Not if someone doesn't kill you, otherwise our intermingled magic will keep you in somewhat of a homeostasis." Harry replied, looking amused at Teddy's question.

Teddy was quiet a moment before asking another question, "Does this mean I won't age while I'm with you, here on the inside?"

"Nope, you won't. Anymore questions?"

"Not at the moment."

"Close your eyes."

Teddy obeyed and waited.

"I'll talk to you later, just go out, take your money, and go home."

Teddy nodded.

There was no more feeling, no more light, no more variation . . . just green again.

Shampoo147: I have nothing to say.

Ayame: I do, I hate soggy noodles.

Shampoo147: Damn it, I forgot about them.

Dreams

" . . . sniff . . ."

" . . ."

"Ah, ah, achoo!"

Harry snapped his eyes open, the sneeze giving him a sharp jolt of pain and a slight headache. He sniffed briefly, then sneezed again.

Where was he? Oh, yes, he was in a dusty old pawnshop. The man had refused to give him his money, and the voice (older Harry? Did that happen?) had shot a stunner at the man, but the shock of such wandless magic must have overloaded his body, rendering him unconscious.

Harry shook himself slightly, groaning as he pushed himself up. Ugh, he felt greasy, dirty, and disgusting. There was a terrible taste in his mouth and there felt like there was a layer of disgusting slim coating his teeth. His hair felt greasy and he knew it looked it as well.

Ugh, he needed to get home and take a shower, now.

'Don't forget to bring your money with you as you run home.'

(Of course)

So, feeling nothing as he saw the pawnbroker lie there, immobile (was he dead?) Harry quickly picked up his money and ran out of the shop. He really couldn't bring himself to care about that man when he needed to tend to his own personal hygiene so badly.

He got a few distasteful looks, but was otherwise ignored as he ran back to the Potter Manor.

'I love being clean.'

This was all Harry could think as he basked in the steamy-hot water of his lovely, lovely shower.

'I love soap; I love shampoo; I love-'

(I get it, damn. You'd think you've never been dirty before.)

'I may have been dirty when I was born, but since then I've always made it a point to be quite clean.'

(Ah, whatever. Well, you have the money you need now, so you should be thinking about how to infiltrate Hogwarts; or the Ministry, whichever you chose first.)

'Shut up, let me enjoy getting clean.'

(No, did you just command me to do something?)

'No, I was suggesting it because you are annoying me.'

(You little bastard!)

'My parents were married at the time of my consumption.'

(I could just have let you wallow through life, without any magic whatsoever.)

'Until you started putting ideas into my head, I would've been content with that.'

(No, you wouldn't have.)

'How do you know?'

(I am you, when crap kept going at me, I thought I just wanted to settle down and be normal. But when that actually happened, I found myself getting into shitty situations because I couldn't stand the monotony. It was admittedly refreshing at first, but I got bored. So would you.)

Harry couldn't help but sigh as he turned off the shower. 'You're not going to let me just enjoy my shower, are you?'

(Nope. Now finish grooming and get back to studying and planning.)

Harry didn't know if he should doubt his sanity. If the dream, thing, was true, then there was an older version of him inside of his head. If it wasn't real, then it was a hallucination inside of his head.

Either way, he's screwed if he lets anyone know about the voice.

(Now you're getting it.)

'I hate you.'

(Once again , I am you.)

Harry sighed as he finished toweling himself dry. He could really grow to despise himself for this.

"Some dream researchers dispute both the Freudian and activation-synthesis theories, preferring instead to see dreams as part of brain maturation and cognitive development. For example, prior to age 9, children's dreams seem more like a slide show and less like an active story in which the dreamer is an actor. Dreams also overlap with waking cognition, note those who favor the cognitive theory of dreams. Dreams feature coherent speech. They draw on our concepts and knowledge. And they share some commonalities with the mind's occasional flights during waking reverie. Moreover,

some dream images appear outside of REM sleep, when brainstem activation is minimal."

Harry hesitated, if that was true, did that mean that his own dreams meant nothing? That it was just a recurring series of images and sound that had matured into a drama as his brain matured?

(Possibly.)

Harry flinched.

'But it all seemed so real. Like I was really reliving the night my brother became the Boy-Who-Lived.'

(You were too young. Your mind was too undeveloped for you to remember that night. People don't actually start remembering until they're about three or so.)

'I suppose not, but then why is that dream recurring?'

(It's not fully recurring, you just thought it was because it was what you remembered of your dreams. Most people forget their dreams, and you're no different. That dream is common, kind of, and you just remembered it and forgot the rest.)

'I was kind of hoping that you would say you were projecting the dream into my sleep.'

(Nope. I'll admit I tried, but I can't fully control your dreams. In your dreams, I manage to input some of what actually happened, but not all of it.)

'So Dumbledore had nothing to do with my parents forgetting me?'

(He may or he may not. If he did bewitch them, then you were out cold at the time; meaning that I sure as hell wouldn't know.)

' . . . So Dumbledore may actually be an innocent and I was just projecting a wish for someone to blame unto him?'

(. . .)

'Oh, now you have nothing to say?'

(Whether someone is innocent or not, that's your decision to make, not mine.)

'Fine.'

(Dandy, now stop using me as a distraction and start studying,)

"There is one thing dream theorists agree . . . "

'Not quite yet, smoother.'

...

'No, more arched.'

...

'Not there-'

(DAMN IT! STOP THAT!)

'! Ah, you bastard! You made me drop it!'

(I DON'T CARE! You're supposed to be plotting and you're focusing on stupid little lump of clay?)

'I was plotting. I finished and focused on my dragon; which is now ruined.'

(Oh, sorry.)

Harry sighed, very much doubting that statement. He bent over and picked up the lump of clay that had once resembled a dragon, looking at it solemnly. His poor little dragon, destroyed before given a chance at a life.

"I'll go to the library to double check my plans."

(Good idea.)

Harry decided to ignore him.

Lavender, pretty lavender.

Wasn't it red?

Maybe, maybe not.

This had a feeling of something familiar, but what?

Tense, feeling, real feelings.

Harry turned and knew that there would be a house there, with a brass four.

There was. Harry went inside and didn't linger at the cupboard, preferring to instead rush as fast as he could up the stairs, no less frightened by the stillness and 'thud' 'thud' of his shoes. No less frightened by the images of reality, with no solidity; still scared by the unnatural lighting that made everything glow.

Harry also felt lonely without his voice (His Harry?) with him.

He opened the door and there was his older Harry-version.

"Missed me?" Teddy actually did miss that forced baritone; almost as if he was trying to imitate someone with a deep voice . . .

"Who are you trying to be?" maybe he should learn to control his mouth.

Harry looked startled, the question having apparently caught him off guard.

The silence that followed was too much for Teddy, who could have dealt with it had Harry's face and posture not lost expression.

" . . . I'm sorry, you know that I don't usually think before I talk-"

"Yes, I'm quite aware, but your question caught me off-guard; that's all." Harry said, his voice still having the forced quality and his features blank. "As for whom I'm imitating, well, that's a bit difficult to answer."

"Is it?"

"No, not really."

"..."

"Well, the answer is that I'm trying to be Severus Snape."

Why Can't I Be You?

Teddy was silent a moment before concluding his ditzy counterpart wasn't going to elaborate, appearing to find his cuticles more interesting than Teddy (which kind of offended the younger boy).

"Who's Severus Snape?"

Harry's head snapped up, the developing lines around his mouth and forehead vivid as his facial muscles tensed: but most notable to the boy were Harry's eyes. They hadn't been bright in the first place (a murky emerald to moderate jade), but now they were on the darkest scale of the jade stone. Teddy felt his back stiffen, recognizing that he had unknowingly stumbled into a sensitive subject for his older counterpart.

Harry lolled his head back, and stayed in this position long enough for Teddy to note that his counterpart actually did have stubble.

Before Teddy could speak up, however, Harry suddenly snapped his head forward and spoke, his voice never losing its false tenor. "Well, little Teddy, in order to answer your question, I'm afraid that you'll have to learn more about my life and me. Mostly my life, I think." Teddy absently made himself comfortable, having noted from his last trip here that he did get sore even in his mind.

"Well, you see, my parents were; Assistant Healer Lily Potter, and Captain Auror James Potter. Well, now for you, they're currently Charge Assistant Lily Potter and Superintendent James Potter, but for me, they died at the former titles. Now, don't look at me like, Teddy, they didn't actually die, I just never realized that they were my parents until I was already grown. They lived happy lives with many children."

Teddy sniffed, and rubbed a few tears from his wide-eyes, "No, they didn't, or you wouldn't have told me that they did."

Harry raised an eyebrow, "Already learning to read an adult's lies to children? Well, you have the basics down, I'll give you that. Now blow you nose and I'll tell my story." Teddy did so, not knowing or caring where the tissue came from and where it went.

"Now, apart from my parents, I was born on July 31, 1980 at St. Mungo's hospital. I don't really know, or care, what happened in my first year of life, but I do know that when I was a year old, my Dark Lord Voldemort came to my house and managed to murder my parents. My father fought bravely, as your father had, and my mother had defended me to the death, something your mother didn't hesitate to attempt. Naturally, they weren't as powerful as the Dark Lord and they were murdered that night. No one knew why he even bothered to attack them with so many more powerful threats to his power present at the time. But he did, and when he left, he took me with him. I lived a very isolated life, only knowing the care and company of the Dark Lord himself until I was around eight, or nine, or seven . . . or five. I was kid; that's all I really remember.

At that time, I was introduced to Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape. And I, in short, fell in love; puppy love, real love, a silly crush, I don't know, and I don't care, but I fell, and I fell hard."

Teddy shifted, feeling a little uncomfortable. He was admittedly sheltered in his life, but the books he read made sure that he was not completely naïve. He was quite aware of homosexuality and its implications. Stephen King and The Talented Mr. Ripley, however, kept his opinion neutral . . . but he still felt awkward.

"Lucius was beautiful. He had soft-looking white hair, long enough to fall past his shoulders; and it was always so impeccably brushed, combed and set back. I don't think I ever once saw a single strand in his face, or even standing out of place, unless he was in a fight. But then, he would have his mask on and I could only follow his movements. It always looked like he was dancing, dancing at one of

his fancy-shmancy galas, or whatever the hell they call it. His robes even twirled with him, left right, twirly-twirl . . . "

Teddy, having been listening to Harry as a child would to a parent reading Dr. Suess before bedtime, allowed Harry a couple of moments before clearing his throat. Harry started before smiling, rather . . . wanly.

"Oh yes, well, I observed Lucius Malfoy first. I was fascinated with him; he was so ethereal, enough so, to remind me of the crescent moon; so beautiful, especially in comparison to his surroundings. Voldemort really didn't care for the 'finer luxuries of life' that one associates with lords, especially powerful dark lords. He got what was necessary for proper living, nothing more, nothing less."

Teddy nodded, having read that practicality was the best way to ensure survival; which is exactly what a dark lord would need.

"Ah, before I ramble about his beauty, again, I should continue. After observing Lucius, to every little crease and curve, I turned to Severus. I observed others than him, but never stopped observing him all the same. I knew Lucius Malfoy's mentality, philosophies, psychology, but I didn't have a clue with Severus. He was just so high, especially compared in intelligence and elegance, and anything but power, really.

As I grew up in Riddle Manor, where Voldemort placed me, Severus was my main tutor. I remember that, while I was still young, Voldemort would grow tired and remark at how Severus had already done this at that age, had become a certified Potions Master at age sixteen, while I could barely brew a potion. He used to remark at how I had only created a few spells, while Severus had already finished several notebooks full of original potions and spells and theories when he was only a year older than I was at the time."

Teddy squirmed, feeling the shift of moods in his counterpart.

"I had admired Severus, for his unconventional beauty, when I had first seen him. But I hated him. In my years of solitude, I had gotten so accustomed to having nothing but my Dark Lord's complete attention; to having him lavish me with adoration and praise. Suddenly, my dark prince-beauty had stolen all of that away from me. Voldemort was disappointed in me, and was regretting me.

He was going to kill me, because I was a mistake. To be honest, it pissed me off. I hated him, I hated Severus; I hated him with everything I had.

I worked my ass off, but I could never measure up to Severus, who had set the standards so high. What did he have that I didn't? I had power, I had intelligence; I had motivation! I worked so hard that it became common for me to throw up, to pass out, and lose weight continuously. What made him so damn special?

I couldn't help but figure that maybe it was something I couldn't calculate with mere observation alone. Maybe if I went a little further on Severus Snape, then maybe I'll be able to catch what made him the special one. So that's exactly what I did.

At first, I simply heightened my observation. I used to watch him very closely whenever he was around, but then I began to purposefully follow him around. I did until I became his second shadow, but it wasn't enough. I still couldn't pinpoint the why I wanted. Added to that was the frustration that I knew that Severus knew that I was watching him, stalking him, really. I was, admittedly, quite pleased when I noticed him getting more tense. I liked the thought that I was getting to him.

Anyway, since watching him wasn't enough, and talking him out of the question. I began to dress like him. I'm a bit embarrassed to admit that I actually stole some of his robes and clothing in order to get the style just right. The theft already done, I ordered our tailor to

make clothes exactly like these, 'don't even change the size!' was what I said. It made the tailor nervous, but he pulled it off perfectly. I compared it and every stitch was in the right place, and the fabric was just what it should be; but it took forever for the person to get it right. So, to mess with Severus as much as I could (for if I pushed it way too far, he would scramble my brains like eggs with legimency) I decided to wear his clothes after I stole them, all the time.

He was beginning to get more than nervous; I could tell because I've watched him for so long. Of course, this would be of no use to me. For you see, Teddy, people don't act themselves, or naturally, when they know they're being watched, especially when they're nervous; like Severus was.

None-the-less, I began to try to act like him, watered down version he was. I concentrated on walking like him. Then standing like; sitting like him; everything he did I copied. I even doubled my efforts in Psychology in order to try and understand, then mimic, his reactions/actions.

Really, I just did my best to be him. Unfortunately, all of my hatred, jealousy, and my newfound revelation to be like Severus had a bit of a bad effect on my own psyche. Not to mention sleep depravation.

But that's a story for a different time, I'm afraid. Now, little Teddy, I actually brought you here to talk about something else."

Teddy blinked, having forgotten why he was here in the first place. Harry had told his entire story in his false-deep voice, flatly, only pausing to take in a breath.

Harry smiled mildly before continuing, "Well, now, Teddy. You didn't expect me to send you into the world of war without preparing you in any way, did you?"

Teddy flushed, then slowly nodded.

Harry frowned before smiling, this time dryly, "Well, I'm not, so I'm happy I could surprise you. But, tonight we are going to have a little lesson. Well, more of a review of the lessons you need. I know that before we encountered each other, you could draw on my own knowledge to get by. The reason you were hopeless in some subjects yet excelled in others. Also the reason why the muggle education was severely limited."

Teddy blinked, before nodding. Sometimes he forgot that Harry had been in his head longer than the pawnshop incident.

"Now, I'm afraid that since we have now met in your mind, that no longer is an option." Harry smiled and waited.

"But, if you were in my head since I was a baby, how could we have met recently?"

Harry's smile brightened considerably while he answer, "Because, before the pawnshop incident time-zone, I kept myself to a little self-zone of consciousness. I didn't really interact with you, I was simply a third-party member who was watching your thoughts, actions, etc. I was offering bits of comments on my own. But around the time before the pawnshop incidents (but not that much before) I left my little sphere and reached out to your own magic and the magic around you. It was just a hint of command-compulsion (I'll teach about it later) I let you make your way through the hell of London safely."

Teddy frowned, "But if you were doing that, then why did the pawn keeper try to steal from me?"

Harry exhaled, "Because his greed overshadowed his compulsion to help you. Thereby, I was left with little choice but to draw from my own magic. Now, before you go asking questions, I'll tell you. your magic isn't strong enough to properly support a stunner. You see, the

reason that magical education doesn't begin until a few months after eleven (you actually start casting spells a few months into the school year) is because a person's magical core doesn't mature enough to do more than a few bursts of accidental magic. An extraordinarily powerful wizard can support a few spells before school without hurting himself (then or in a long run), but you're not that powerful. I was, so I incorrectly assumed that you would be able to support the stunner spell.

Naturally, I panicked when I charged my power into you and you screamed in your soul and mind. The pure burning pain I got off of you was overwhelming, and that was when I knew that I made a mistake."

Teddy flinched as he recalled being in great pain, but he couldn't fully summon the pain to him (not that he really wanted to).

Harry paused and took a deep breath before continuing, "Well, the burning was because you weren't ready. Your magical core couldn't fully support my own power, and I overexerted you. In short, the burning was because your body wasn't prepared. I guess the best thing I can compare it to is . . . like running a professional marathon without stretching or getting into shape. You're in hell afterward, but your afterward was right then. Well, that's all I'm going to explain that, so no questions!"

Teddy flinched before thinking, 'I don't think even he really knows the answer'

"No, I don't!" Harry responded to Teddy's unspoken remark. Teddy flushed and nodded. "Now, first we are going over arithmetic."

Teddy sighed and bit his lip as Harry continued, "Naturally we shall review addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Now, two digit addition is really the only . . . "

Teddy grimaced, but turned his full attention onto his new teacher.

Who knew what the psycho had in mind?

How you turned my world
You precious thing
You starve and near-exhaust me

Everything I've done
I've done for you
I move the stars for no one

You've run so long
You've run so far

Your eyes can be so cruel
Just as I can be so cruel
Oh, I do believe in you
Yes I do

Live without the sunlight
Love without your heartbeat
I can't live within you
I can't live within you
I can't live within you

"Within You" – David Bowie.

All Your Fault

'Shhhh'

The soothing drone of a steamy shower was music to young Teddy-Harry's ears as he allowed rivulets of the hot water to strike him in his face and stream down his prepubescent body.

The timer beeped and the shower turned off, leaving nothing but steam and cold-feeling air. Harry continued to stand as if the water was still running, with his head tilted and his mouth slightly open.

'Could it really be true? If not, then is Harry a liar? A fake? An illusion, hallucination? A delusion, a dream? I've already decided that I was just going to go along with it as if it was true. From what I've read, even concentrating on an answerable question can lead to insanity in itself. So I should concentrate on something else . . .

Is he listening in now? Most likely, I'll never be alone again-'

(You were never alone. You spent every waking moment with your parents or your brother and then I was with you. It never bothered you before.)

'Before, I thought you were just a voice in my head, I wasn't aware that you were a complete person in my head.'

(Well, I'll try to be a bit quieter during the day and let you get ready.)

Harry sighed and got out of the shower stand; feeling an odd tightness in his chest, combined with a burning and a clenching in his throat.

(Deep breathes, little one.)

Harry took a deep breath and walked out of the bathroom.

(1890 plus 45?)

Harry sniffed as he tried to eat his cereal, but the Harry living in his head wouldn't stop quizzing him.

'Hold the five, add four to nine . . . 1935?'

(I won't stop making you practice until you can get these through your head almost-instantly.)

'Please let me eat breakfast.' Harry tried not to twitch as his vision managed to double, making him see two bowls of cereal in front of him.

(Double vision? That's not good! I'll have to make sure that your magic isn't badly affected by . . .)

The voice in his head went silent and Harry abandoned his breakfast, feeling queasy and weak. Sleep, sleep would make everything better . . .

'Is that the next stair or two stairs? When did the stairs become so uneven?' Harry squinted at the shifting stair steps. He raised his foot and stepped down, promptly falling forward.

'Okay, I have double vision and I'm trying to climb the stairs . . . why do I feel like this is a bad idea?' He dragged himself up and managed to pull up another foot.

He fell again, and a fuzzy, dark red carpet rushed up to meet his face. There was a stab of pain, then nothing.

(Harry?)

(Harry? Wake up, you're fine, okay, just wake up.)

(Wake up!)

Harry, slowly, felt himself slip back into consciousness; there was a terrible weakness throughout his body, it was . . .

'I can't move. Why-Why can't I move? I'm so tired.'

(Good you're capable of consciousness. I can't explain it to you, but you should sleep, now. I'll explain everything later.)

Harry said nothing, but he stopped exerting himself to stay awake and there was nothing again.

Harry felt sharp, needling pains all over his body, as if

(Your body was waking up?)

Teddy nodded, before gritting his teeth at the tightening pain in his neck muscles.

"Master Harry shouldn't be trying to move. He's in terrible condition right now and should sleep while Blinky takes care of him." said a squeaky, inarticulate voice from above. Teddy, who could see nothing but blackness, tried to open his eyes, but barely got them twitching before falling back into nothingness.

Teddy felt something warm between his legs and jerked up. Ah-Damn it! He'd peed in his pajamas! What was he?

(Awake and not in pain?)

Teddy stiffened, realizing that those words were very true. If his memory was serving him right, the last time he'd been awake, he couldn't even open his eyes and now he was sitting up in bed: a bit sore, but otherwise fine.

'Blinky fixed me?'

(I'm not sure if you were even broken, but I believe that the house-elf took care of you. Not that I'd know, you were out cold the whole time.)

Teddy frowned, remembering something before that; 'Didn't you say that you were going to explain it all?'

(Hmm? I did? Well, I did! Now, where to start?)

'From the place that you know I can follow? Wait, let me get comfortable.' Teddy stood and managed to stumble into the bathroom and run himself a hot bubble bath {oils and the like seemed to be automatic in the taps, he'd never tried to change or investigate it.}

When he entered it and settled himself into a position that he wouldn't drown from {even if he fell asleep} he mentally asked Harry to continue.

(*Huff* Well, I suppose I should say that you collapsing like that was from sheer exhaustion, both mental and magical, which would heavily impact your physical health. Then, I suppose I should tell you that it was completely my fault.)

Teddy frowned, 'How is that news?'

(Okay, that one really hurt. Anyway, it was my fault because I was the one who kept summoning you to your own mind to talk to me.)

Teddy nodded as he dipped his head underwater, for a few moments.

(Okay, now you won't drown. Well, those meetings were taking place in a subspace of mental power and magical power. Both of our

mental strength was being used, of course, but only your magical power was being used to be there. I am already a being completely inside of your mind, but you weren't supposed to enter your entire force into one small subspace of your mind like that. Your magical abilities were already trying to recover from the stunner I made you send, but this just pushed you to your limit, and passed it. Thus, you fainted and remained unconscious until your magical core could sustain itself again.)

Harry frowned, 'But, wouldn't I have died if it couldn't sustain itself at all?'

(Yes, let me explain this first . . . ah, we'll work that one out later. Now, the reason your magical core didn't collapse when it should've is very simple. I pushed some of my own magic into it.)

Teddy, who had just laid back down, shot up, lost his balance and spent a couple of minutes sputtering out bath water that had gone up his nose. 'I-isn't that incredibly dangerous?'

(Extraordinarily. However, if I didn't do anything, you would've died anyway, and I couldn't let that happen. So I, very carefully, mind you, began to stream some of my own magic into yours. It worked, sort of.)

'That "sort of" doesn't sound very good.'

(It's not. Well, Harry, my magic was compatible with your own, but, well, it was different enough to trigger a change.)

Teddy stared at the bubbles in front of him, feeling that dreadful tightness in his throat, 'What change?'

(Well, when my magic began to mingle with yours, it triggered a chain reaction that kind of, well, broke down your natural magical immunities.)

Teddy frowned, a new burning sensation building his chest, 'What does that mean, exactly?'

(It means that your own magical core became susceptible to reform from the external magic pressing around you in your environment. Quite frankly, Harry, our magic is no longer compatible as you now have house-elf magic.)

'-!-?-'

(Silence of mind, only happens when-)

'House elf magic! You mean I'm not a wizard anymore?'

(Well, the term wizard is really just a-)

'AM !!?'

(. . . No, you're not a wizard anymore. You're a magic user, so you'll still get into Hogwarts and they won't really tell, but you can't use a wand-)

"GET OUT OF MY MIND" So angry, red red red

"You screw everything up for me! You're the reason I went into London! You're the reason I passed out! And now you're the reason I'm not a WIZARD ANYMORE! Get out of my head!" Teddy felt a burning sensation in his eyes and realized that he was crying. 'Just get out, just leave, just go away . . .'

Pop "Is Master Harry awake- Master Harry shouldn't be walking around so soon!"

Teddy jerked up, having not realized that he had gotten out of the tub. He looked around and there was Winky, the house elf.

House elf magic

(Well, she was the only concentrated magic around you, so naturally-)

"Shut up!"

Winky jumped and started crying, "Oh, Master Harry tell Winky to shut up! Winky is bad elf, harassing her master! Bad Winky, bad Winky!"

While the elf began to wail, Teddy began to feel a throbbing headache. 'Get out of my head.'

Get out of my head

All your fault

Get out of my head

Get away from me!

"And Winky will iron her own hands, Bad Winky!"

Get out, get out get out get out get out get out

"Winky will go now and-"

"Winky, Shut Up!" Teddy snarled, not feeling very well and Winky's squealish voice was making his head pound.

Winky sniffed, but obediently fell silent.

'Will I become so obedient? Will I become so pathetic?'

Teddy stood and saw his vision go momentarily black, as well as a dizzy spinning feeling in his head. He stumbled and allowed the black to take over completely.

Truth is . . .

Teddy stood and saw his vision go momentarily black, as well as a dizzy spinning feeling in his head. He stumbled and allowed the black to take over completely.

Teddy opened his eyes and grimaced at the effort. His head was throbbing, as if he . . . as if he what?

"T-Master Harry Potter should drink this." Teddy grimaced at Winky's voice, but allowed her to smooth water down his throat.

"Wha-wh" His throat was burning, and he couldn't seem to get air into his lungs. He gasped and tried to breathe.

"Shh, Master Harry should sleep and let Winky take care of him."

Teddy frowned at the continued dryness of his throat and gratefully accepted the glass of water, now with a white straw, that Winky gave to him.

He sipped the water briefly before stopping.

'Harry?'

No reply.

"Is something wrong, Master Harry?" Winky suddenly asked. Teddy stared at his glass and shook his head.

Get Out!

Did Harry really . . . leave?

Teddy sipped his water and stared at his wall. There was, indeed, no Harry. No little voice assuring him insanity, no voice to talk him into

stupid ideas . . .

'No voice to guide me . . . to make sure that I'm still a part of reality instead of just drifting off into my mind . . . '

Teddy frowned before mentally shrugging. He was till too emotionally exhausted to try and feel anything beyond murky apathy.

"Is something missing, Master Harry?" Winky voice broke through his quiet bubble of almost-thought.

"No, Winky, I'm –missing?" Teddy eyes snapped towards the house-elf and stared at her eyes.

Her ears bobbed as she replied, "Yes, there's something missing, something really important that-"

"Harry." Teddy declared, voice emotionless.

Winky bounced, "Yes," her voice had lost all submissive deference, "that's me. I'm not even a boy anymore, which is kind of weird. But it feels good to feel, and not just pick up secondhand emotions from you."

"Go away." Teddy sighed, knowing that spending anymore time with the lunatic could be poisonous.

"Well, I thought it over and I'll fulfill that request." Winky said, voice suddenly serious, "I'll leave you and check in on you in a month. For now, you're fine, except for the house-elf magic." Then, Winky's ears bobbed and –snap-, Harry/Winky was gone.

Things immediately slowed down; there was suddenly no hurry, no voice, no care. Things were as they were, no, not quite. Even then, he had a voice in his head, and now that was gone.

As Teddy . . . Harry ate his cereal, he grew more and more tense. He had realized, when he had first entered his own mind, that he had grown dependent on his little voice, but he never realized how drastically different life would feel without. It was as if there was a hole, a hole he couldn't fill, or even try to.

Even his artwork was suffering. He couldn't even give the clay and paint the attention they deserved. It was as if they didn't mean anything anymore. The works were shoddy and he couldn't concentrate anymore.

Showers could distract him for only a brief moment, and nothing more.

He tried retreating into his books, first with adventure stories, but then he could only remember the promise of real adventure that Harry offered him.

Irately, he tried science fiction stories, only to remember the true intelligence and genuine freakishness that Harry had already provided to him . . . and the promise of more to come.

Horror only reminded him that Harry had probably suffered worse, or knew worse and could provide real memories of such horror.

Mystery, thriller, and suspense only made him think along the lines of, 'well, what's a greater thrill? All of these little killings of fictional characters, or trying to outmaneuver various genii at their own game in real life where one false move could kill me?'

Fantasy made him flinch when he found himself wondering what Harry thought of these things.

Nothing he read could comfort him.

Walks in the cherry orchard calmed him greatly, but it also allowed reflection on his own growing boredom and curiosity.

Until, two weeks only, he found himself in a library, doing practice problems out of a math book called, "Math Covered in High School," which, apparently, was for home-schooled children.

To his satisfaction, it was a neatly labeled book and when he couldn't do some of the problems; it didn't take long for him to find a book to explain it (geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, for examples.)

To his satisfaction and irritation, he appeared to have a mind well suited for math and quickly caught on to the subject material, especially since he was actually focusing on the material instead of being forced to study.

Only grudgingly could he admit that he seemed to have a mind well suited for math.

Out of irrelevant curiosity, he pulled out a book (from the same series) titled, "Science Questions Covered in High School," and was stunned to realize that there was more to science than he had thought (science, grade school style). Chemistry, Psychology, Physical Science, Biology I, Biology II . . . who knew?

Well, he was fairly useless, so he gathered a few books on Psychical Science and grimaced when he realized that this was a lot more difficult than math, but just as satisfying to finish. Maybe more so because he actually had to work for this.

Also, it was nice knowing that there actually was much to the things around him that he never really appreciated.

Before he knew it, a month had passed and he was spending today sitting on his bed, staring at the floor, waiting for the lunatic to come to him.

"Harry!"

Teddy jerked forward and blinked at his disorientation, he must've fallen asleep. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and looking at the house elf in front of him.

His, her ears bobbed and the house elf asked, "Have you thought it over and decided?"

Teddy stared at the creature in front of him and nodded.

Bob, bob, "Well? Do you want me or not?"

Teddy sighed, breathed in, and answered, "Yes, I want you to teach me."

Harry (for it couldn't be Winky right now, so it's Harry) nodded, "Good, because as the Potter's house elf, I've lined up a list of tutors and subjects that I want to discuss with you right now."

Teddy blinked, stunned, "I thought you were going to be the one teaching me." For wasn't that what Harry had been saying?

Harry grimaced, looking odd as a house elf, and shook his head, "Nope, sorry, but the house elf's mind is stronger than people's so it's hard for me to retain control over her. I can do this long enough to talk with you, but not enough to give the kind of education you need right now." He, or she, raised a hand to forestall Teddy's protests, "I know that I have a lot to teach you by myself, but that will have to wait until I can find a stable form for my body. Preferably a doll or an empty shell, or even a recently dead man." A deep breath, "Now, we need to discuss your subjects."

Teddy grimaced before nodding, wondering what the psycho had in mind for education.

"Okay, I already decided all of the classes that I want you to take and when you take them. Do you promise to work hard in all of them, no matter what?" Teddy twitched before nodding, albeit reluctantly, "Good, now I've already hired all of the tutors you'll have (I'll admit, I referenced them from my mind in my world). Don't worry, as the Potters' house elf, I managed to charge all of their expenses to the Potter vault and with all of the tutors and crap they do every month, they're not going to pay any mind to our own little expenses; within reason." Harry took a deep breath and Teddy frowned, not liking the thought of cheating his family.

"A necessary sacrifice. Now, your subjects are going to be math, sketching, herbology, ancient history, language, science, P.E, geography, and government. I've been watching you since you were a baby and during this last month (very proud of you for really studying, by the by) and I've managed to place where you'll be and arranged it with the tutors. In math you're in Geometry, with a review of basic mathematics before that, and in science you'll be entering physical science. You'll mostly be working with incense and the like in Herbology. Also, in language, you'll be starting with pure Latin. Any questions?"

Teddy twitched again before nodding and saying, "Yes, uhm, what's with the sketching?"

"Ah, well, sketching will mostly be mathematical to technical. You see, it's an invaluable tool in Arithmancy, rituals, and the like. One mistake in the designs could be fatal; the reason you're going to be learning/training on how to do these things with surgical precision." Harry yawned and allowed Winky's ears to bob up and down.

Teddy yawned and asked, "What about P.E?"

"The physical part is so that you'll be strong in body and mind (the ship's sailed on magic, sorry) and be able to have a better chance at

survival and self control in the future."

Teddy nodded, yawned, and murmured, "Okay" rather sleepily.

Bob up, bob down. "Okay, Teddy, go to sleep. Your classes will start on Sunday, starting with a friend of mine (in my world). He's rough around the edges, and a bit of a sadist, but he'll get you in shape in no time."

Teddy nodded and laid down. 'Just a moment, just a bit of rest'

"Close your eyes and sleep. You'll need it."

Not very comforting but Teddy closed his eyes and slept.

Teddy scooped a forkful of scrambled eggs into his mouth and washed it down with a gulp of orange juice. Today was Sunday and his first day of lessons. For the past few days, he had been in on night sleep to long nap on and on, barely awake. He suspected that Harry was making sure that he got plenty of sleep to keep his mind sharp and help reach his potential.

Or something.

"Alright, Teddy, better go meet your new teacher outside. Remember, he's a sadist, so don't expect soft treatment." Harry shooed him out of the kitchen and into the cherry orchard.

Teddy cleared his throat and jogged to the courtyard, wondering what the lesson would be like. (Harry had made sure that Teddy knew where all of his classes were at and when.)

When he got to the meeting point, he promptly doubled over and started panting.

"Pathetic. Stand up straight and pay attention!" Snapped a sharp

voice behind him. Teddy jumped and stiffened his spine, whirling to look at his new teacher.

And was stunned. His new teacher was young and beautiful. He had soft, straight, yellow hair that was cut to meet his chin; with a small, elfish face and big green eyes. Unlike Harry's dark jade eyes, and his own emerald rich, his new teacher's eyes were a vivid shade of spring leaves. He was on the short side and looked no older than 12, perhaps, and was wearing a Chinese styled green suit.

To be honest, his new teacher looked as threatening as a fluffy Easter bunny.

Then his teacher suddenly scowled and threw a jump rope at him . . . somehow managing to make both of the handles smack Teddy in the forehead at the same time.

"Get up." Teddy scrambled to do so, noticing that his teacher did sound threatening enough.

His new teacher raised a delicate eyebrow before saying, "I'm Lavo Mandrake, you're new trainer. If you fall behind or don't do something fast enough, I will kick your ass and make you do it. I don't want to hear 'try'; I want results. If you don't do something well enough, I'll kick your ass and make you do it again. Now, your 'elf' told me that you were weak and needed to work from the basics. So, pick up that damn jump rope and play it with me." As Teddy spread the rope around him, his teacher, (Mr. Mandrake?) did the same and promptly started.

Teddy gaped for a brief moment, marveling at how quickly Mr. Mandrake was going, making the rope a blur and leaving no time for anything but quick little jumps on his toes. Never once did he even sway.

"DAMN IT! MOVE!"

Teddy flinched and started jumping rope.

"Faster, if you have time for that little jump between main jumps, you're not going fast enough."

Teddy went fast and bungled it.

"Balance, it's about timing, coordination, and balance. Do it again, keep doing it until I say to stop."

Teddy obeyed and was quickly running out of breath.

Maybe this wouldn't be as easy as he'd hoped.

"Faster!"

Magic Clay

Teddy was relieved to find himself out of P.E. Mandrake had made him jump rope faster than he was capable of throughout the entire hour. Then, he would literally kick Teddy until he got up if he fell down, which was often the case.

Teddy felt sure that he had some broken ribs from that sadistic psycho who had laughed as he kicked Teddy.

He gratefully sat down and looked around for his new tutor.

Several minutes passed before Teddy began to get up. True to timing, that was the moment the teacher chose to come into the room.

He was an average man, with short brown hair and dark blue eyes. He was wearing a simple suit and was carrying a book with files stacked on top of it.

His eyes caught Teddy's and Teddy could tell from their steely depths that this would be as bad as P.E . . .

Teddy collapsed into his bed, barely managing to kick off his shoes before falling. The entire day had proven to be as bad as Mandrake.

Mr. Jetyun, his new government teacher, had kept hitting him upside the head with the textbook if he wasn't paying attention, or if he got an answer wrong . . .

Then, Mrs. Bibbleweed, the Herbologist, had lashed him with a vine when he showed less than desirable behavior.

Ms. Jones, the geography tutor, used a whippy rod that stung like hell!

Mr. Stroud, the linguist, had a teak rod.

Then he was right back with Mandrake, who had made him run until he threw up and passed out. And then so helpfully threw him in the lake and told him to swim to land.

It was a bloody miracle that he was alive right now.

The only relief he had gotten all day was Ms. Lutyens, who was the art teacher. She was muggle and thereby thought that they were a wealthy muggle family.

Meaning that they had to stay in the courtyard with the stinging heat and the irritating bugs.

"Ouch!" Teddy cried as he slapped the back of his neck. Damn it, the bugs were doing nothing but biting him today.

"Are the bugs bothering you?" Ms. Lutyens asked, frowning as she looked at her distracted student.

Teddy rubbed his neck and replied, "No, I've suddenly contracted a painful skin disease on the back of my neck and decided to slap it."

Ms. Lutyens smiled and giggled, "Don't your parents use bug repellent?"

Teddy rubbed his ear and replied, "Yes, but they're not working now." They had to be disabled to allow a muggle into the courtyard.

Ms. Lutyens sighed before digging around in her purse, "Don't worry, Harry. I have some insect repellent." And with that, she withdrew a small can and commanded him to spread his arms, close his eyes, and hold his breath.

Teddy, fearing the possible repercussions of misbehavior on his part, quickly obeyed and shivered from the cold sensation he got while

she sprayed him with something. "There you are." Ms. Lutyens remarked as she pulled back and Teddy opened his eyes. He smelled something funny.

As Ms. Lutyens started lecturing again, Teddy vaguely noticed that the bugs were leaving him alone now.

A year passed in this fashion, with him working hard under harsh teachers every day of the week. His only soft moments in the day being with Ms. Lutyens, and even that grew frustrating and difficult as the patterns grew more technical and her standards grew higher.

The teachers remained indifferent, but Ms. Lutyens, and Mr. Mandrake were what really stood out. Ms. Lutyens was soft and warm, but Mr. Mandrake was fierce and unrelenting.

Harry, as Winky, had told him that the fact that Mandrake was making him do so many difficult things was a sign of his confidence in him.

They had moved beyond jump rope and mere running, now Mandrake was making him do things like gymnastics and martial arts (he wasn't sure what kind or what level). Mandrake was even teaching him how to juggle.

Ms. Lutyens gave him papers showing leaves with the most complicated little patterns and scolded him if he got anything wrong.

Mathematics was up to Algebra.

In Herbology, he had reviewed the difference in incense herbs and their properties and myths.

In Ancient History, he was learning about the ancient Czech and Egyptians civilizations, both magical and muggle accounts.

Language wise, he had learned proper Latin, both modern and old,

as well as its written version.

In Muggle science, he had been reviewed in Physical Science, and was currently working on Geology.

Geography was a pain, as it seemed to be a more hands-on landscaping class. He was learning how to observe this and that in his surroundings and the various environmental features in Europe.

Government, however, was the worst. He had always known that the law was too dry and argumentative for him to be fully interested in. Now he hated it. The tutor had first taught him the consequences for broken laws and their aspects (what they 'meant'). Then the tutor taught him the laws themselves. Just last week, he had to give a fully oral explanation on the laws regarding magical creatures from memory.

He was quite relieved when Harry/Winky had popped into his room and told him that he was getting the week off from tutoring . . . not to mention suspicious.

"Up up up!" Came a squeaky cry, startling young Teddy out of his bed, resulting in him falling face-first onto the floor.

"I would've thought that Lavos would've taught you better than that, maybe there are more differences in our worlds than I assumed." Winky's voice chimed. Teddy scrambled into standing position and glared at the creature beside his bed.

"What do you want?"

"To get out of this body." Bob.

"Why?" Teddy asked, feeling irate at being awakened in such a rude manner.

Winky glared at him and Teddy almost laughed at how ridiculous it looked on a house-elf.

"Why do you think? I'm a she-elf! Her private parts hold no interest to me (not that they would if she was human) and I have to keep pulling back every few hours; meaning that I don't get as much done as I would like. Not to mention, oh, I don't know, I WANT MY BODY BACK!"

Teddy yawned before looking at the irate house elf, "Why would it mean so much to you? Haven't you spent the last eight years as nothing more than a separate consciousness in my mind?"

Winky sniffed before replying, "That's different, your body was once mine, too. I knew what you were feeling, but I didn't feel it myself. I felt nothing but emotions and thoughts. Physical discomfort, urges, and cravings were nothing more than memories and something to observe in you. Now, I'm an elf. I feel the need to pop away every time someone says my name. I need to exercise my magic, now that I have body, and such a surge of power would surely destroy this elf's body!"

Teddy frowned, "Well, why did you have to wake me up for this?"

Winky suddenly straightened and replied, "I had to wake you up because you're going to help me."

Teddy's eye twitched, "And, pray tell, how am I going to do that?"

Winky gave off a wicked smile, looking quite foreboding for a house elf, "You, dearest Teddy, are going to create me a body and animate it for me."

Twitch twitch, "Explain it to me, please."

"Well, with your stellar artistic ability, you won't have too much trouble

creating a human sculpture out of magic clay. Then, you simply concentrate your magic into the sculpture, the house elf magic making it easier for me to channel myself into it!"

Teddy glared at the demented house elf, "Okay, what are the risks for me?"

Winky shrugged, "Magical exhaustion, dehydration, poisoning, things like that. Oh, well, there's also the chance that you'll be the one that goes into the body, but the chance of that actually happening is really pretty small."

Teddy scowled, "Right, I'm not doing it."

Winky glared this time, "Sorry, Harry, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. You're doing this, whether you like it or not."

Teddy hesitated, "What are you going to do to make me?"

There was a moment of silence before something seemed to ripple from Winky and hit Teddy head on. There was a moment where he remained suspended in the air, before he blew back and hit his shelves of art, collapsing to the ground with a resounding crash, his artwork falling in shambles around him.

"Don't forget, little Harry, I'm stronger than you'll ever hope to be, even in this body. I've allowed you to get away with much insolence, thus far, don't try my limits." Came a threatening hiss, and Teddy was viscerally reminded that the Dark Lord himself had raised the other Harry.

Then all was black once more.

Teddy opened his eyes, feeling sore all over, with a horrible taste in his mouth and a layer of slime over his teeth.

"Drink this, it'll make the nastiness go away." Came a sudden command. Teddy, recognizing the voice as Mr. Mandrake, obeyed and was pleased when the potion did what Mandrake had said it would. He turned his head and looked at the larger blonde.

"What happened?" was all Teddy could ask.

Mandrake shrugged, "How the hell should I know? Your elf came to me and told me that you were hurt and had a project to work. I'm here to make sure you're good to go through with it." Teddy flinched, realizing that Harry had brought him a personal slave driver that could keep him healthy.

"Feeling better?" Mandrake asked and Teddy was surprised to find that he was, indeed, feeling much better. So he nodded and Mandrake gestured to several large blocks of clay that looked a bit . . .

"Magic clay." Mandrake said suddenly, making Teddy jump. "Your elf said that you're to make a full-sized human out of it."

Teddy gazed at it for a few moments before drawing up his sleeves and pulling his hair back with a bandana. "Well, I might as well start now." He said as he began to mentally sketch the older Harry's body for reference.

This would take a while.

CHP13